AFTER DEATH.

At first when my face shall be changed, and I

To dwell in a silence that can not be broken, few whom I love will lament me, I know, And eyes will be dim when my name shall

If any have blamed me, their censure will For when the full light of eternity flashes, here's nothing to do but to whisper of peace, And no one can war with a bundful of

But 0, to be gone from the home that was With no more a share in its joys or its sor My part in its plans to forever resign, No thought of to-day and no care for to-

All this is beyond ric. How strange it will be To go on a journey that has no returning, With year after year speeding on without me To giadde, or grieve when the sunsets are burring!

The children will lean their light weight or To spell out my name, and to question and wonder What 'tis to lie there in the darkness alone

Through moonlight and starlight and roll-ing of thunder. over above them and chide their delaying.
With beautiful wings it will lure them away
DAnd they will forget all the stone has bee

But i shall lie pat only there in my place.

The slumber a part of my life and my story;
Till some Vine the morning will liash in my

faces,
And I shall awake to its gladness and grory
-Elica M. H. Gates, in N. Y. Evangelist.

OUR MUSIC TEACHER.

A Womanly Heart Just Saved from Bitterness.

I was not a Roman Catholic, but I liked to go to that service, particularly after the new church was built, which pleased my eye with its pure beauty, and appealed to my recollections in a way, faint, to be sure, but delightful to me. In those glorious mornings I would hurry along the streets, hugging my cloak about me, the keen air bringing the crimson to my face, my eyes idly searching hither and thither under hats and bonnets for a face that should strike my imagination, and about which I could weave strange, fanciful histories. Thus I walked on till I came to the less thickly inhabited portion of the city. Sharp breezes came from the bay, whose scintillating surface was now in sight across the plats of land not yet built up. I turned rapidly round the corner, and came in sight of the church which was my destination. I looked with admiration at its heavy stone facade; I did not even scorn the tingers that dipped into the holy water in the vestibule. My childhood had been spent in Montreal, close by its imposing cathedral, and the glittering. impressive ceremonies enacted there had remained in my memory like the shining phantzsm of a dream. So, with all my corporate pride of intellect and pueation, I could never despise the walked quickly away.

leve ees of that religion.
I stood just within the door that led from the vestibule, glancing through the new comers, watching the degree of devotedness on each face as each The majority of the countenances were excellence, of the creme de la creme, I did as my mother requested. I those of working people—some pretty to whose discourses I very seldom lishad only to look in Miss Kent's face to -now and then an aristocratic form | tened. and dress swept up to the marble basin. and then passed me to the seats of the The lights at the altar were gleaming out below the picture of the Mater Immaculata. I was about turning to find a seat, when a slender figure came up the steps. Here was a face to dream excited. She was not dressed like the tocrat than any of them. Her clothes were almost poor, but worn with that manner which the well dressed would have envied. Was she a Catholic? As she came up I caught the gleam of a rosary of pearls at her belt, whose beavy red gold fastenings were in entire contrast with the rest of her dress.

But she did not stop to sanctify herself with the holy water, though she half paused, as if feeling an inclination to do so, then came through the door and stood near me, waiting for a seat. She, too, was a stranger. I stood fur-tively watching the face of the girl. A proud, dark face, not naturally pale, but pallid now, from suffering, I thought; handsome, with its full lips, albeit so colorless new, and its hazel eyes, though they looked cold and distant now-eqol with that hopeless, dis-trustful look that must have been caused by pain. In some people such life struggles as I imagined for this girl would have given a pleading, supplicating expression. For her they were doing worse; they were freezing a nature passionate and impulsive. In a moment a gentleman came up and asked:

"Would you like a seat, miss-and your friend?

The question was addressed to me. I bowed assent, feeling more pleased than the occasion would warrant, in thinking that this stranger would sit with We both followed our conductor, and sat down side by side as the first peal of the organ burst on the air. My companion did not kneel, though she followed the service in a little velvetbound prayer-book. It seemed to me that I had never heard much finer organ music, but I was so intent upon watching this girl that it rolled on comparatively unheeded by me. She leaned forward, shading her eyes with her hand, her mouth growing sadder and sadder, till I thought I should cry, just looking at those lips. At last a tear dropped on the leaves of her book. I turned away my head; it seemed bardly right for me to look at grief which I had no power to assuage. monotonous tones of the priest rang through the church, and the responses of the organ and choir awakened in my heart that old romance of religion which stands ready to spring into life at the beck of the Roman ritual.

When I again looked at the stranger her face was raised, her eyes looking steadfastly forward; no trace of tears on that haughty countenance. The last peal of music, and the vast congregation rose and began to move toward the door. Could I not comfort this girl who appealed so strongly to my sympathies—almost to my affec-tion? I was wealthy; perhaps a spoiled child of too indulgent parents. The thoughts that flashed through my mind were more selfish than these. 1 confessed to myself that my wish to know the stranger sprang first from my de-

sire to gratify myself in knowing her. you not better go to church with me fight before she would acknowledge, pursuit? Had Miss Kent forgotten We had both waited till the greater this afternoon, and wear that exquisite even to herself, that she loved him? inte? turned to leave the pew. No longer and so much depends on a first imprestrying to resist the impulse that possessed me, I stepped nearer and laid I went to service with my mother. turned to leave the pew. my hand lightly on her shoulder. She looked up with a movement of ouestioning surprise; her eyes met mine, and

grew gentle as she looked.

"Pardon me, and do let me help you!" I exclaimed, in a low voice, holding her glance with my eyes, that must have shown how sincere were my

Her evelids drooped, not with anger at my intrusion, but because her soul was looking too freely from its beautiful windows. The fingers that held the prayer-book clasped closely round

"You are kind, very kind," she murmured, and I knew that her voice ac-corded with her face; "but"-she lifted her eyes for an instant to my face-"but I do not know how you can help me. But you have helped me: your words have strengthened and refreshed me. I shall not forget you.' She spoke rapidly, as though only so could . she command her voice. As she ceased speaking, she made a movement to leave me. I detained her.

"If you think me kin I, why do you reject my kindness?" I said. "You have perceived that I am sincere. Do not leave me. Let me walk with you; it is not right for you to refuse me."

I spoke with vehemence, for indeed was impetuously in earnest. She

"I do not know why you have had the power to melt my reserve," she said, "but I feel willing to tell you of the troubles that have come upon me. Perhaps you have guessed that I am a Southern girl. Parents, fortune, happiness, all have been destroyed in this war. I was sent North, supported by money my father gave me, until he was Since then I do not know how I have lived. For the last month 1 have been trying to get some sort of a situation which would support me. But I have no recommendation. Who would intrust children to an utter

"You wish to be a governess?" I in-

terrupted, eagerly.
"I would rather be a music teacher." she replied: "for that I know I am fit- | story but I feel more uncertain in regard to being able to teach children that which is the duty of governesses. I was educated at a convent, and particular attention was paid to music. for my tastes all led in that direction.

While I listened, I was deciding on the proposition to make her. She looked, and almost stopped in her walk, saying:

"I do not recognize myself in thus speaking to a stranger. Trouble has increased my natural reserve."

We were at a corner, and she extended her hand. "Let your dreams to-night be good you have done," she said, her lips curving sweetly as she spoke.

"Do you go down this street?" I asked. She bowed. "If you leave me now," I continued, "at least promise to call and see me to-morrow. I believe I can get you a situation.'

Her eyes shone at the hope. She took my eard with subdued eagerness, at them, and exclaimed:

walked quickly away.
"To what absurd church have you er, when I came down to dinner that forchead was bedewed with holy water. the Rev. Dr. ———, the minister, per room. The majority of the countenances were excellence, of the creme de la creme. I di

> I replied, sitting down, inwardly hop-ing that she would not scold me for equal, one of our family! My mother that the see the n not accompanying her.

walk?" "Yes, all the way."

wealthy people who had passed me, but she was more thoroughly an aris- looking perfectly splendid. Wonder if one of those girls expects to eatch him? Mrs. Chapman will do her best to secure him—doubtless he'll fall into the trap. We must give a party on shall it be?"

I had hardly listened to ker talk till I felt conscious of the question she had asked. I looked up in some bewilderment, saving:

"Excuse me-what is it you say?" "You never listen to me," she exclaimed, petulantly. "I was telling you about Marmaduke Varens. He is the best parti in town, and I was saying that we must give a party fot him.

I do wish you would take some interest in what I say.

"But, mother, I don't know Mr. Varens," I said, deprecatingly; "besides, I was thinking of some one else,' I continued, boldly resolved to tell her my thoughts now.

She looked perfectly indifferent as to what were my thoughts, and I said: "Are you not curious about my meditations, mother?"

She looked across the table at me. and asked kindly, for with all her friv-

olousness, she was kind: "What is it? Some ragged urchin whom you met on your way to church? Am I to patronize him, make him foot-

man, butler, or what?' I laughed at the half alarm displayed in my mother's face. "I see you think me an eccentric phil-

anthrophist," I said, "but I'm going to be useful this time. I've found a music teacher for Annie."

"What do you propose doing with Mr. Delorme?" asked my mother. "But he hasn't suited you," I said. You complain every time he gives Annie her lesson. This girl whom I have seen is coming here to-morrow, when, if you like her, you can engage her directly; and, if you please, mother, wish her to live here in the houselike a lady, too, for she is one," I con-

cluded, emphatically. "Who is she? What is her name? She has recommendations, I suppose?" "I don't know who she is; and you will not be particular about references.

"Oh, I shall not!" eried my mother, a little scornfully. "I must then solicit this unknown to become an inmate of our house, and be very grateful if she consents. "Oh, no!" I exclaimed; "it is she

who will be grateful. Be your own kind self, mother, and give this girl a trial. It can do us no harm, and can not fail of doing her good." "But, how am I to know what influ-

ence she may have upon Annie? She may be one of those excessively low people," responded my mother in a half yielding tone.

say, she has seen better days.

We had both waited till the greater this afternoon, and wear that exquisite part of the people had gone. She new bonnet? Varens will be there,

I went to service with my mother, but, unfortunately, Varens present, and consequently the execuion my new bonnet would have effected was reserved for a future time, or forever.

In my hurry I had forgotten to ap point an hour for the stranger to call, and as I was obliged to go out, I was in a continual fear lest she should come I was away. I hurried mother through her shopping, at the risk of making her out of humor at her her bondoir indolently discussing our

"Did she say what her business was nquired my mother, as I rose to decend to the drawing-room.

"Something about giving music sons, ma'am," was the answer. "It is she, then!" I exclaimed, moving toward the door, but was arrested by my mother's saying: "Show her up here.

stranger herself. The girl paused at the door, her face lightening up as she improbable that he would saw me into a brilliance which was the have been offered.

"This is the lady of whom I told you, mother," I said.

which the girl responded to her greet-

"Please be seated, Miss—"Please be seated, Miss my mother, with as much suavity as party, that I heard one young man rethough she were addressing one of her own circle. However vain and frivolous my mother was, she was always polite, with that genuine kindness of heart which is the soul of politeness. "My name is Kent," she said. "Your daughter has probably told you that I pear upon the scene, and you will see am in search of a situation as music his entui disappear. It is not likely he am in search of a situation as music

The light of her face had died away she was mechanically repeating the old

teacher.

"Yes; I wish to engage a teacher for my little girl. You could teach on the organ and piano, I presume?"

"Yes; and harp and guitar, also." "And vocal music? "Yes, madam."

"Would you mind playing a little to is on the piano there? Miss Kent rose and went to the playing was perfection, it seemed to not in the mood; that to play thus on very much, she never came into the trial did not summon the soul to her music. Her knowledge, her touch, were incomparable, and I hoped some day to feel the thrill of enthusiasm in

that touch. "Delorme can not play like that, can he, Mabel?" asked my mother, turning with a pleased face to me.

At that moment a servant entered with some eards. My mother looked

"The Chapmans and Mr. Varens! Come down, Mabel, as quickly as possible. "To what absurd church have you been this morning?" asked my moth- make her home here, as you wished, went down-stairs. I would like to have you come to-morday. She was in full out-door dress, row, Miss Kent. For the present, having just returned from listening to good-bye;" and she hurried from the

ened.

"To the new Catholic, my mother," be assured of her gratitude. I knew the intensest surprise and fear. Varens the obstacle her pride would be to our was at my side before the words had liked ber: my little sister Annie was as "What, way out there! Did you enthusiastic in her affection as possible. Insensibly Miss Kent grew less reserved, her face had more color, more "How old of you. You don't know the animation of happiness. She left there with the Chapman girls. You regarded it as a duty, and always com-

"You have a very peculiar governess, looking toward the far end of the purpose to have him here. He'll be drawing-room, where Miss Kent sat at overwhelmed with invitations. When shall it be?" Varens bending over her, turning the leaves of her music with an air widely different from one of polite indiffer-

"She is not strictly a governess," I replied. "But in what is she peculiar?" "She actually acts and looks as if stantly. she were among equals, instead of su-periors," was the contemptuous answer. He turned from he I yielded to the temptation of reply-

"She is certainly a lady. It is evident that Mr. Varens thinks her one, and he, you know, is a gentleman. Miss Chapman's eyes scintillated with anger. I wondered if she were really engaged to Mr. Varens, as report said. I looked at that gentleman. His tall, graceful form was still bending over Miss Kent; he did not lose an oppor- Miss Chapman?" tunity of murmuring something in he ear, utterly forgetful that the watchful Chapmans were present. His dark face and gray eyes were animated and pleased. Thus much I could see in the of Miss Kent's countenance. I fancied, however, that she was distant, vet sweet; that Varens found her indescrib-

ably fascinating, as I had done. This was several months after he asked, abru tasteful subject. Mr. Varens had seen her almost every time he had called, and he had taken occasion to call quite often. He was fertile in expedients for getting Miss Kent called down: and, had I been Miss Chapman, I should, perhaps, have felt something of the angry suspicion which she gen-erally concealed. I was coming along the upper hall one day, when the bell rang, and some one was admitted. I hesitated for a moment about going down, and heard Mr. Varens' voice in tone, and the melodious tones of

Miss Kent in reply. Evidently Miss Kent had been pass ing through the hall as Varens had en-

"I came to see you, Miss Kent," he said, hurriedly. "I heard you saying to Miss Romaine the other day that vou had never been on a sleigh-ride. I would break down this false pride sand houses and the assessed value of that prevented her making happy the at the door; if you are not engaged, do man whom she loved, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, at the door; if you are not engaged, do man whom she loved, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door; if you are not engaged, do who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door; if you are not engaged, do who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door; if you are not engaged, do who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door; if you are not engaged, do who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door; if you are not engaged, do who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door; if you are not engaged, do who was continued by the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the door in the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the door in the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the door in the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the door in the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the property amounts to \$195,000, and the door is the prop

His voice was beseeching. I imagined Miss Kent's face gave no assent. "You are very good, but I must we Annie her lesson; and indeed, Mr.

"Then you do not wish to go?" His voice was unconsciously reproachful, left us so abruptly. I was standing with an I full of respect. 'I have escaped a group of ladies and gentlemen at a a hundred engagements that I might ve myself this pleasure."

you that my pupil awaits me? Good-She moved away and put her hand

on the dining-room door. least your pupil will not prevent your accepting these."

I had listened. Not till I heard the and I asked:

I had listened. Not till I heard the and I asked: outer door shut behind Varens, was I

conscious of it, it had all passed so interview with the expected music quickly. I commenced descending the teacher. Fortunately, however, my stairs, and met Miss Kent coming up mother had been to lunch, and was in to her room. She held a single snowy cape jasmine, with its glossy green purchases when the bell rang, and a leaves. There was a glow, a softened servant came up to say that there was splendor on her face that made it abthought she had gone to the dining-room, or I should have returned to my "I wrote to y

"Mr. Varens has just been here," she said, with lowered eyes.

"And has left a fragrant reminder," I responded, passing quickly by her.

I felt troubled to a degree that surprised me. My impression of Mr. Varens was very favorable, but I felt I stood waiting to receive her, feel-ing almost as anxious, I thought, as the Miss Chapman—every body talked of it. Europe all this time." was highly improbable that he would marry the obscure Miss Kent; still more improbhe offer himself. I had the utmost to her." faith in Miss Kent's discretion, but I disliked that people should couple her I said. "To say that your wife is the I knew that my mother would notice the quiet, perfect good breeding with that would have led one to believe who one no idea of her beauty. Have you did not know her, that Varens was flirting with her for his own amusement. It was only a few days ago, at a

mark to another: "There goes Varens down the dance with Miss Chapman. Do you notice his cannied air?

"Of course; every body notices it. Only let a certain pair of dark eyes apwould marry that Miss Kent, but he most romantically smitten with her. He is prowling round Mrs. Romaine's half "And Miss Kent-how is she af

feeted? "Can't say-flattered, of course

though."
"Let him let the governess alone," said the first speaker, indignantly.
"It's not honorable in him."

May had softened the skies, and alpiano. She glauced at the music lying most began to make the city stifled there, then sat down and played. Her and disagreeable. Miss Kent was losing the color that had come to her fac but I knew instantly that she was when she came to us. Unless urged parlor when any one was there. Varens himself began to look haggard and unhappy, but he still came to our house, gloomy and disappointed, in spite of the smiles of Miss Chapman.

My mother sent up for me one more ing, saying that Mr. Varens and Miss Chapman were below. I had just entered Miss Kent's room when the sage reached me. She was not there, and as I turned to leave, I saw a directed envelope on the table. It was my own name on the letter. I caught

I burst into the parlor uncere moniously, hurriedly greeting the visitors, and exclaiming, as I walked to where my mother sat: "Miss Kent is gone?"

It was not my mother who started in me see the no

thoritatively. The expression of his face forbade me to refuse him had I wished to do so. He read the lines I had just read:

"It is imperative for my happiness that I go from here, for a while, at least. You are too noble, you know my heart too well, to think me ungrateful.

"Vinginiz Kent." "Nevertheless, I should say she was

ungrateful," spoke Miss Chapman, who had read the note over Varens shoulder. Varens' face was sharp and stern

as he rudely turned toward her, and "Peace! You know nothing of her. Miss Chapman's anger blazed forth incontrolled.

"And you, sir? Perhaps you are her ontidant? "Varens' self-possession returned the instant Miss Chapman's forsook her. "Unfortunately, no; but I am her friend. As such, I shall seek her in-

She must not brave the world He turned from her, bowed to my mother, and went towards the door. followed him, feeling my admiration welling up into enthusiasm. Now he

worthy of Miss Kent. seemed why had he not acted like this before? Would it have prevented Miss Kent from going away? When we were out of the hearing of

those in the parior, I said:

His eyes were clear and honest as he

"No. Have I acted as if I were?" "But the world says so."

"Yes; thanks to the machination of mirror which reflected both their forms. Mrs. Chapman, and because I have I could not distinguish the expression made it my home there since my return from Europe. Mr. Chapman is mame of Colonel J. D. Stevenson is my cousin, and almost the only relative I have in the world. Have you any idea where Miss Kent has gone! after he asked, abruptly dropping the dis-

"Not the slightest. Promise me to find her.' "Promise you! Does not my

life depend upon it?"
"Why had you not, then, offered your life?" I could not resist saying. "Did it require a shock to make you know how dear she is?" The sorrow upon his face haunted me long after he had gone.

"I have offered her the only love of my life, and she refused it," he said. away. I feared his task was hopeless. away from it until I started on this How could he ever find her? I did not visit. Then San Francisco hadn't a How could he ever find her? I did not know the power and perseverance of the man. I wished that I could have given him some hope of her love. For given him some hope of her love. For and about two hundred and fifty in-

worthy of it. Society discovered that Miss Kent Mrs. Romaine's music teacher, had disappeared, and that Marmaduke Varens had gone after her, and society have she may have upon Ahmer and sheer; and indeed, Mr. warens, I can not go with you."

It was not in her usual self-possessed and Miss Chapman married a millional tone that she replied; in her accent I discovered that Varens was not wholly indifferent to her. I knew the fearful I was disappointed and grieved that I was disappointed and grieved that I opposes the say, she has seen better days."

"Ah! in that case I will see her. Had conflict which heart and oride would did not. Had Varens given over the possessed to hear from either Varens or Miss Kent. I was disappointed and grieved that I opposes the say have upon the property of the possessed to hear from either Varens or Miss Kent. I was disappointed and grieved that I opposes the property of the prop

Nearly two years after Varens had party given by an acquaintance. Sud-denly my hand, which hung by my side, "But, Mr. Verens, have 1 not told was clasped close by warm, slender on that my pupil awaits me? Good-fingers. The action was not usual at a fashionable party. There seemed something familiar in that clasp. I turned quickly, and met the eyes "Miss Kent" -he followed her-"at Miss Kent. I had thought her beauti-

"Why did you go?" as though she had just left me.

"You must have guessed"-"Because if you had remained, love would have conquered pride?" I said. "Yes.

"And now? Ah, I see. Happiness only could have made you so radiant. olutely beautiful, still it was sad. I Varens found you. But you neglected "I wrote to you several times, and at last thought you had forgotten me;
-no, I did not think that; but I re-

eived no answer." "Because I did not get the letters," I "You are in town, and have t been to see me -that is worse." "But we only came to-night. Tomorrow we promised ourselves we

At that moment Varens came to us "You see she uses the royal 'we," he said, gaily, "for you must know tacitly assented, and we left the church most exquisite compliment that could able that she would accept him, should that I have the happiness of belonging

"It seems a happiness for you both,"

"Traflicking is not the word, Miss Romaine," said Varens. "It is love you see in Virginie's eyes and mine." Then success to love!" claimed, in a low tone, as I met the soft splendor of Virginie's glance,-Catherine Earnshaw, in Ballou's Honth

THE RUG CRAZE.

Interesting Information Concerning the Products of Persian Weavers. "The present style of decorating the interior of dwellings," said a Broadway dealer, "has done much toward increasing the business in Eastern rugs

and carpets. Ten years ago Persian and Smyrna rugs were only in use among the wealthiest people, but nowa-days families of moderate income manage to buy one or two, even if they do come higher than domestic."

"Do the Eastern rugs last longer than those of American and English manufacture?" the dealer was asked.

"In one sense they do. I have seen rugs made in Persia over a century ago that still retain their beautiful color. These rugs always look well to the last bit. If the colors fade at all, and they will sometimes in the case where aniline dyes are employed, the effect is still more harmonious. Age only softens and beautifies the color-

"But." said the dealer, "von must bear in mind that in this country we are harder on carpets than the natives of Persia. When they come home they always take off their shoes and put on slippers, often with felt soles, can do no injury to the delicate texture of the rags.

"Are the Persian rugs ever used by the natives for any other purpose than covering the floor?"

"Yes; the finer grades are used to cover divans and tables, and often as portieres. The best rugs are seldom, if ever, laid on the floor, except in the palaces and dwellings of the nobility There is one kind of rug made in Persia that you seldom see in this country. I mean the rugs made of silk. They are very costly, and run in price from what would be five hundred dollars in our

money upward." The dealer continued: "Here is felt carpet from Persia. They are not very popular in this country, as yet, but there is no telling when popular taste will change in their favor. It people only knew what they were about they would lay in a supply of these carpets for cold weather. They are much thicker than any other kind,

and delightfully soft to walk on."
"How are the felt carpets made?" "The process employed is a peculiar one, and differs from any other methods of manufacture. The operator makes a frame of the thickness intended, or digs out a place in the hard elay floor of the depth and size required. He lays the hair for the rug in this sort of mold, as you might call it, and beats it into a cohesive mass by the use of wooden mallets. The design in colored threads is then beaten into this surface. "Are the rugs made by th's process

artistic?" "Some of them introduce very pretty effects. The designs are naturally plain, but they are principally noted for being warm and comfortable. They last a long while and present a clean appearance until they are worn out."-Minneapolis Commercial Bulle

CALIFORNIA'S CONQUEROR.

Founder of a Great Commonwealth.

nel Stevenson has visited the East. The tion, but his history is an extremely interesting one. He is the conqueror of California. The 26th of September, 1846, in command of one thousand volunteers he start d to take posses sion of the land in the name of the United States. To use his own language: "We went around Cape Horn, and were one hundred and sixty-three days out. My stipulation when I raised the regiment and went out was that I should take possession of the State, which then belonged to the Mexicans, and stay there with my one thousand men and colonize it. I landed there the 16th of March, 1847, He bowed over my hand and went and have never been twelve hours habitants. Now there are forty thou-sand houses and the assessed value of seven years of age, but still hale and hearty, his health giving evidence of the strength and hardihood that were

his in early manhood and which en

abled him to encounter and successful-ly overcome the difficulties of the set-

tlement of a country already in the

possession of a people who were antag

onistic to us in every way, and who

opposed our progress with all their power.—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS.

he "Fearful and Wonderful" Mecha

In the editorial columns of the New York analyst, H. Lassing, M. D., editor, writes the following beautiful description of the laboratories of the human aystem. We think we have never read a fluor or more trustworthy "Man is the greatest of all chemical laboratories. Magnify the smallest cell of the body and what a factory is spread before the eyes countless chambers in which are globes of air, masses of solid matter, globules of dying liquid; a flash comes and the whole is consumed and needful heat is carried into every part of the system Electrical forces also generate and are con veyed to the brain, the muscles and the va

veyed to the brain, the muscles and the various nerve centers.

"In another set of a million chambers we see various gasses and vapors. By chemical action these are changed and purified in the lungs and the skin. The blood we often say is a great living river. In its current are masses which the air in the lungs did not affect; blocks of chalk; slabs of tartar; pieces of bone-ash, strings of albumen; drops of molasses, and lines of albumen; drops of the system. Here is all activity and an invisible force reaches out into the stream, seizes and carries this mass of waste into vast trenches, thence into a smaller reservoir, and finally into a larger reservoir, which regularly discharges its contents.

ontents.
"This separation of lime, uric acid and This separation of time, are act and other waste material from the blood without robbing it of a particle of the life fluid, passes human comprehension. In health this blood-purifying process is carried on without our knowledge. The organs in which it is done are faithful servants whose work is silent as long as health remains.

"People strangely waituntil pain strikes

which it is done are faithful servants whose work is silent as long as health remains.

"People strangely waituntil pain strikes a nerve before they will realize that they have any trouble. They do not know that pain concerns chiefly the exterior not the interior of the body. A certain set of nerves connect these blood-purifying organs with the brain. They may not gnaw and bite as does the tooth-ache or a scratch, but they regularly, silently report. When these organs are fatting these nerves indicate it by drawing the blood from the face and cheek, leaving the lip and eye blanched, by sending uric acid poison into the smallest veins, the skin then becoming gray, yellow or brown. They also prevent the smallest veins, the skin then becoming gray, yellow or brown. They also prevent the purification of the blood in the lungs and cause pulmonary difficulties, weariness and pain. Who enjoys perfect health, especially in this land where we burn the candle in one mass! The athlete breaks down in the race; the editor falls at his desk; the merchant succumbs in his counting-room. These events should not have been unexpected for nature long ago hurg out her 'lanterns of alarm.' When the 'accident' finally comes, its fatal effect is seen in a hundred forms; either as congestion, chronic weakness, as wrong action, seen in a hundred forms; either as congestion, chronic weakness, as wrong action, & variable appetite, as head troubles, as pulpitation and irregularities of the heart, as premature decay, as dryness and harshness of the skin causing the hair to drop out or turn gray, as apoplexy, as paralysis, as general debitity, blood poisoning, etc.

"Put no faith then in the wiseacre who says there is no danger as long as there is no pain. Put no faith in the physician, whoever he may be, who says it is a mere cold or a slight indisposition. He knows little, if any, more than you do about it. He can neither see nor examine these organs and depends entirely upon experimental tests, that you can make as well as he.

mental tests, that you can make as well as he.

"If the output is discolored or muddy, if it contains albumen, lymph, crystals, sweet or morbid matter, is red with escaped blood, or rolly with grarel, mucus and froth, something is wrong and disease and death are not far away.

"These organs which we have described thus at length, because they are really the most important ones in the human system, the ones in which a large majority of human ailments originate and are sustained, are the kidneys. They have not been much discussed in public because it is conceded that the profession has little known power over them. What is wanted for such organs is a simple medicine, which can do no harm to the most delicate but must be of the greatest benefit to the afflicted. Such a remedy, tried and proved by many thousands all over the world is Warner's safe cure. With shose in whom disease is deep seated it is the only specific. For those in whom the seeds are sown and the beginning of illness started it is an unfailing religious. whom the seeds are sown and the beginning of illness started it is an unfailing rel ning of illness started it is an unfailing rei-ance. It may be recommended to the well to provent sickness and the sick to prevent death. With its aid the great filtering engines of the system keep on in their silent work without interruption; without it they get out of gear and then disease and

old."

Such writing ought not only to please but to carry conviction that what Editor Lassing, M. D.,—so high an authority—says is true, and that his counsel is worthy the attention and heed of all prudent, right-

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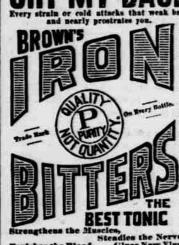
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